You Get A Little Angry When You're Hungry

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You Get A Little Angry When You're Hungry

by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

Will is particularly irritated during pre-heat. He yells and snaps at Jack while being out to investigate a crime scene of the Angel Maker. He doesn't let anyone near him and even attacks Jack. Only Hannibal manages to placate him with his Alpha voice, hugs, kisses and some snacks.

Mostly fluff and crack. A tiny bit of smut at the end.

Notes

Hey!

This story was inspired by my PMS, my Twitter prompt that blew up for some reason as well as the Snickers advertisement compilation on YouTube ;)

It's part of the Some Bonds Last Forever Universe but not exactly part of the storyline.Don't ask when there will be an update 😅 I've butchered the story and the characters, it seems and need to get back the motivation for working through it and fix everything. For now enjoy this oneshot.

Thanks for reading :)

See the end of the work for more notes

The smartphone buzzed and buzzed on the nightstand and ultimately tore Will out of his rare deep sleep.The bright light of the locked screen blinded him.He bolted upright, waking Hannibal in the process as well. Cursing under his breath, Will accepted the call. The abrasive,commanding voice belonged to Jack Crawford - who else would be so brave or insane enough to call them in the middle of the night. Apparently a new victim, unrelated to the Ripper case, had been discovered somewhere in a small town near Baltimore.It was another dull, way too chilly, early autumn morning for Will, yet at the same time something was different. Something simmered beneath his skin. Irrational rage.

There were merely few days left until his heat would start and he already felt the hormones wreaking havoc on his body and eroding his already fragile nerves further. Hannibal shifted his body closer to him in the bed, pressing his hairy, warm chest against his back to lull him back. Will enjoyed the soothing heat of his chest, the gentle nibble of his teeth on his neck but he withdrew with a sigh, feeling irritation at Hannibal's clinginess surge up within him. It wasn't his fault but Will's hormones. Will felt as if he needed to go before he exploded and said unfair things. He flicked on the light on his side of the room.

"Will-,"Hannibal began his voice rough from sleep. Bangs fell over his left eye. "How many times do I have to tell you to put the phone on flight mode or leave it in another room? You don't have to go when Jack calls. Come back to bed, darling. Take a week off. Call Alana or someone else to cover for you.I could do the crime scenes."

Will tensed his shoulders. He pushed himself off the mattress. Pheromones of irritation make their way from his scent glands through the room.His brown, pointed, furry ears folded and straightened again, mirroring his indecisiveness.

"You know I have to do this and that Jack needs me," Will snarled, getting up to search for his clothes. "There is no other way. Unfortunately I save a lot of lives in my job."

Reeking his annoyance, Hannibal sighed and sank into his soft and perfectly warm bed again, his maroon eyes fixed on Will's glorious peachy ass as the omega picked up his things.

"Jack needs a healthy, fully functional, resilient and productive Will.This version standing in front of me here is going into heat in two or three days ," he attempted to persuade his mate again. "This is a reckless move on Jack Crawford's part and you should decide wisely."

Will was fully aware that Hannibal had a point but today his nerves were in a particular fragile state this morning. He flung a nasty glance at Hannibal and fletched his sharp fangs at his mate.

"Don't start this with me right now if you know what's good for you," the omega snapped, his eyes flashing up in pure gold for a moment, and left, headed towards the bathroom, slamming the door shut. The bedroom stank of anxiety, annoyance, guilt and anger and the feverish hormones of pre-heat. Hannibal scrunched his nose as the stench overwhelmed his senses.

A menacing growl escaped him. Nonetheless he gave up arguing, knowing the ferocity of his omega. Instead he sprayed a bit of his calming favorite scent, lavender and bergamot, into the air. He put the air spray down on the table, rolled over in bed and attempted to fall asleep again. No, he wouldn't make fresh breakfast for Will, like he did every morning, or drive him to the crime scene. Served him right.

He needed to get out, Will told himself. The omega forced himself to step into the vast walk-in shower, all marble and gold with an in-built automatic light system and a music box in the upper corner, ignoring the abdominal cramps and the tiredness in his limbs. He pushed away the guilt in his mind, too. Petty as he was, he didn't bother to say sorry to Hannibal and ask him to drive him. No, he wouldn't budge.

After doing the tedious work of basic physical self-care, having a cup of matcha tea, popping in a painkiller, and feeding Winston, he should have had some breakfast, but there was no fresh meal in the fridge and he didn't have the energy for even eating a simple muesli. And as he drank his tea, a message of Jack prompted him to believe that there was no time either. A decision that later proved to be a fatal one.Will stepped out of the house into the cold, crispy morning, and got into the Uber he had ordered to head to the crime scene. The FBI would pay for it anyway so he didn't bother. Driving in pre-heat was not allowed for omegas.

When he arrived at his destination and saw the mobile FBI van parking in front of a narrow alley between two shoddy buildings and walked into this direction, he observed the trio Brian, Jimmy and Beverly take pictures from the corpses strung up with fishhooks.The sight of the mutilated corpses sufficed to send another wave of nausea through his stomach. Ok, perhaps a bite to eat wouldn't have been bad. On the plus side,it would have made its way outside his stomach again.

His fluffy pointed ears twitched in agitation and his wolf tail grew stiff as Jack approached him. The agent smelled of sharp, acrid stress and irritation pheromones. Will wrinkled his nose at that, although knowing that he would reek as well. "Hey, there you are, Will," the special agent said reproachfully, scrutinising him with reproachful eyes."“What took you so long?" Jack's dark eyes roamed over his face. "You look a little peaky today. Didn't you get enough sleep? I thought that having a psychiatrist as a mate would have its advantages."

Will forced himself to chuckle. Well, Jack, how would you look if you are in pre-heat and torn from one of your good sleeps? He thought.He didn't answer, trying to swallow the hormonal rage he wanted to drown his boss in. Will followed Jack down to the end of the alley. The stench of a myriad of rotting products in the trash cans nearby, combined with the putrid and acidic smells of the crime scene, made him even more irritated."Locals found the dead couple at 1.30. The local PD identified them as the serial rapist couple on the loose. We call the killer the Angel Maker.."

A shudder ran through Will's body as he gathered a closer look at the alpha's and beta's body suspended above them in the nude. Their bodies had been strung up with fishing lines and hooks, the flesh of their back had been peeled away as well.The killer had attached the skin to the hooks in such a way as to make the peeled skin appear like wings. Will sucked in a breath, shuddered at the mutilated image and raw, bloody flesh and took in the abhorrent, gory details.

Another painful cramp shot through his body, making him clutch his abdomen and rub his hands over it. He felt so bloated and drained that didn't want to do anything today. He didn't feel like profiling at all. But he *has* to do it. While rubbing his belly, he closed his eyes and reimagined the murder. Time went back in reverse. Jack waited in the distance, at the beginning of the alley, with crossed arms. After a while, he couldn't stand waiting anymore and focussed his mind and gaze on the corpses.

"Well?" He asked, impatience dropping from his lips. Will's eyes fly open. His hands formed fists and started to shake. "What did you see?" "He turned this man into an angel, because he thinks he deserved it. He's a self-righteous man, wanting to give people what they deserve. He wants to elevate them. I suspect he's a drifter with a job allowing him to choose his victims without the risk of recognition and move around freely ."

And Will congratulated the Angel Maker on his choice. He didn't even want to catch the man. Honestly, he had done good work to clean off the streets and saved other victims. Why bother him? But unfortunately, vigilantism is against the law.

Will's gaze dropped to the cut off, bloody testicles on the ground. He hunkered to his knees and investigated the bloody flesh resting beneath the tableau. It had been marked with a yellow marker by the forensic team already.

"What the fuck," he murmured . "It's not from this guy," Beverly peeped up behind him and confirmed it.. "It's the Angel Maker's balls. And down there we have found vomit." Will blinked in confusion and turned to see the disgusting, orange-grey vomit, being one of the causes of the stench. One furry ear folded down at the side while the other ear stayed upright. "Why does he want to castrate himself and why the hell did he vomit?" Jack asked, furrowing his eyebrows, looking at them both. "Had he realised that what he had been doing was a horrible thing?"

Will had a hard time thinking. The mental brain fog and abdominal cramps didn't make it any easier. Will allowed himself a moment to contemplate it. Was it a planned suicide? Did he want to become an angel himself? There are so many questions that Will didn't want to know. All that Will knew is that he wanted to curl up in his nest at home with Hannibal's broad, muscular body warming him up and shielding him.He desired to snuggle with his alpha again. Guilt added to the brewing stew of his feeling. Fuck, would Hannibal even talk to him again?

"He's scared or seriously ill."

"Well…how do we catch him?"

"I..I don't know. Hard to catch," Will says, scratching his neck. His brown furry ears twitched again in agitation and slight panic. He knows he had to give Jack better answers than his vague, weird comments, but he was not feeling it today.

"He wanted to become an angel.These may be his first and last kills. He is delusional and has hallucinations. He may be scared of what he did and may never kill this way again. It's someone who blends in easily with the crowd.

“This is way too vague and not substantial enough,”Jack spats back. “I can’t rely on this. More people will get killed if we don’t catch him. Seriously, Will, I’m disappointed in you.”

In this moment, the stew of feelings has simmered enough and bursts out of him.

Will snapped and bared his teeth at his alpha. A loud growl rumbles from his throat and his eyes are of the purest gold. Both his ears pressed to the sides of his head. Will shoved the sturdy bear hybrid away from him and showed him his Omegan carnivore teeth.

“IF YOU DON’T LIKE MY ANSWERS, COME UP WITH YOUR OWN AS HEAD OF THE BEHAVIOURAL SCIENCE UNIT.”

Beverly’s eyes widened and her mouth went slack. She dropped one of her tools to the ground. Jimmy and Brian exchanged shocked looks, too. The hostile tension between the alpha and the omega in the air was so thick and uncomfortably electrified that the science team backed away carefully. The three are betas and don’t have as much physical strength as an enraged alpha or omega hybrid.

“Yeeez. Didn’t he have breakfast or something?” Brian comments drily, shaking his head at seeing the drama unfold in front of him.

”Don’t you know the Snickers ad? ‘You always get a little angry when you’re hungry’”, Jimmy mocked with a grin. Brian’s strict gaze wiped it away, though.

“Maybe we should call Hannibal before we alert the Feral Hybrid Squad,” Beverly suggested, thinking as to resolve the situation without bloodshed.

“Yup, that would be best, I think,” Jimmy agreed, looking pitifully at Will.

“Do you have his private number?”

“Do I look like I’m the best friend of Hannibal Lecter?” Beverly snapped, unnerved. “Like just because I am friends with Will, it doesn’t mean -,”

“No, I didn’t. Sorry, Bev. Let’s try his office number, though.”

She wrestled her smartphone from her pocket, unlocked it and opened the browser to google the official phone number of Hannibal’s office and pressed the green button on the screen.Their tension seeped out of their bodies as Hannibal swiftly picked up the phone almost immediately. Beverly quickly explains the situation. She urged him to come soon before Will would harm himself and get locked away into the *State Feral Hybrid Hospital*.

Will didn’t regret what he said or noticed what was happening around him. That he was being watched, monitored and plans are being made. All he could hear was the loud drumming of his heart. In this alley he felt like a caged animal and he wanted to break free. Jack snarled aggressively, unimpressed by Will’s animalistic rage.

“I did NOT hear that,” Jack barked loudly, his eyes flashing up in a dark-red.He took a step closer to the omega. Foul and repulsing pheromones of fury add to the cocktail of odours in the air.

“Yes, you did!” Will roared, lowering his head, hunching his shoulders, pressing his ears to the sides of his head. The omega gets ready for an attack. His fingers change into wolf claws, able to pierce anything.

He didn’t care if Jack got severely hurt. Why can’t he just leave him alone? Why didn’t he ask Heimlich or Bloom?

Jack revealed his teeth, too. His hands have turned into furry bear paws. His face distorted in that of a bear. He grew slightly in height as he transformed.

After ending the call,Jimmy and Brian turn back to the escalating situation with two feral hybrids. Beverly ran out of the alley, turning around the corner, just to bump into Hannibal and steer him to clear the situation.

“Apologise to me, Will” Jack grunted, pressing Will to the wall.

“NO,” Will snarled, his cry echoing through the alley. His face had changed to that of a wolf.

Jack wasn’t prepared for the next part. He assumes that as an alpha, any omega would comply, but clearly he was wrong. In the spur of the moment, Will stormed forward, ramming his head into Jack’s chest. Surprised, the alpha stumbles back and lost balance. He regained it, but Will hit him into his chest again. Jack dodged and blocked his feral attack with his sharp carnivore teeth.

Eventually he didn’t manage to fend off and Will’s sharp fangs sank into Jack’s arm, drawing blood and skin from it. The agent howled and landed a blow against Will’s cheek with his other fist, making Will yelpe. His left claw finally struck Jack’s cheek, leaving five , deep red slashes. Even though he had been hit, Will was still in his biblical rage, gnarling, hissing, being feral.

Clutching his bitten, bloodied arm, Jack dropped to his knees.He peaked up at the angry omega and decided, even though he was humiliated, ro better to let this fight go. With a grunt he rises from the ground again.

“Maybe it really wasn’t a good idea to bring you to the crime scene in his state.”

“You bet?” Will gnarled, his breathing going fast. He lowered his head again, preparing for another attack. Blood and pieces of skin stuck to his wolf fangs.

“Stop, Will,” Jack growled out, reaching for his gun, his last resort. “I don’t want to do this.”

Yet Will was blind and deaf to reason, being ready to maim and destroy. He dashed forward, knocking the gun out of Jack’s hand. There was gnarling, wolf and bear noises as they wrestled. Will and Jack roll with each other on the floor. Will soon gained the upper hand and pressed the bear down.

“And you said Lecter would come?” Brian asked nervously, checking his watch as he observed Will and Jack fighting and rolling around on the ground. “Shouldn’t we rather call the hybrid squad now ?”

“He definitely said he would come!” Jimmy replied in defence, gesturing hectically with his arms.

A little desperate, Jimmy tilted his head over his shoulder and sighed in relief as Beverly returned with swift steps. Next to her walked a tall man with sand brown hair mingled with grey strands and pointy wolf ears. He also was a wolf hybrid. Will’s alpha was clothed in a fashionable, perfectly tailored herringbone coat. Hannibal passed them by, his gaze locked with Will’s. His right hand clutched a reusable bag.

“*Will, stop this madness,”* Hannibal barked in his mesmerising, deep Alpha voice, trying to garner the attention of the omega. It took some moments, but it seemed to work as Will’s violent onslaught slowed.

The furry ears of Will bolted up as they perceived the sound of his mate’s voice. He raised his head. The omega shifted his gaze to the spot where the voice came from, then discovered it’s his true mate.His furry tail started swishing back and forth and his demeanour changed.

Hannibal strut forward with slow and carefully measured steps Placating pheromones, smelling of musk, fruits and sandalwood, waft through the air, making their way towards Will.His nose twitched as it perceived the comforting scent. Will’s body shifted away from the alpha on the ground, making Jack toss him off his body. Further high-pitched whines made their way up from his throat as Will landed on the stony, slippery ground.

“I’m here, my omega,” Hannibal purred in his Alpha voice. Will’s fury began to diminish the stronger the scent got. His claws changed back to human fingers again. The furr and the snout in his face disappeared as well.

Hannibal had noticed that Jack was watching them intently. There’s a lot that he wants to tell the head of the behavioural analysis unit but now it wasn’t the time for this confrontation.

Knowing he had to retreat in an instant to support the descalaton, the special agent immediately backed into the background and slumped against the wall behind him. Brian came up to him along with a first aid kit to take care of Jack’s wounds. Beverly placed a hand on his shoulder, telling Jack the fact that Will didn’t mean it that way.

Will whined feebly as his alpha mate approached with the bag. His stomach made a loud growl when he smelled the delicious food hidden in there. Slowly, when the adrenaline seeps from his body, the realisation of what he had done returned to his brain as he takes a look at his fingers coated with crimson, gooey blood drops and then looks at Brian dabbing with a white cloth at Jack’s wounds in the background and wrapping bandages around the flesh wound.

“H..Hannibal,” Will stammered. His peaky cheeks filled with a shade of pink. He lowered his head in submission and his ears drop to the sides, giving him a puppy look.” What a disaster. “I’m sorry you had to come here. So sorry for this morning,” Will sobbed. Pitiful whines accompanied his words.

“I..I just lost control and just didn’t feel like myself.”

“I know, mylimasis,” Hannibal replied gently. “You are not yourself when you haven’t had something to eat or proper rest.”

This comment made Team Sassy Science snicker but Jack bestowed them with a sour glance. “This was a close call. You should be grateful I won’t sue you for…”, he grunted.

Hannibal placed down the bag on the floor and opened up his arms to Will. The omega didn’t hesitate at all and fled into the arms of his alpha, enjoying his unique scent, mingling with the sweet pheromones. Hannibal let out pleased, deep purrs and began to press his lips to Will’s forehead, his cheek then to Will’s tempting, still slightly blood-stained lips.

Will moaned and melted into the kiss, drawing it out, not caring if it was inappropriate to kiss and nuzzle under a bloody corpse hanging above them or not. He did feel sorry and guilt for all that. The rollercoaster of emotions during the pre-heat was always the worst.

Hannibal finally pulled away, bopping his nose against Will’s in a playful manner. “Will,” the alpha purred, resting his gloves leather hand on Will’s cheeks. He gazed up to the corpses hanging above them like a Damocles sword. “As much as I’d like to continue it and take care of you, this is not the place or the time.”

The omega whined in disappointment but gave him a nod. “Fine. Maybe we find some space outside.”

“Certainly.”

Hannibal offered Will his arm which Will accepted eagerly. The omega hooked his arm around Hannibal’s. Together they walked away from the corpse, heading towards the main road.

“Where are you two going?” Jack called, holding his injured arm in a sling, while leaning against the clammy wall behind him, not far from the corpse.

Hannibal and Will halt abruptly and turn towards him. Hannibal scrutinises Jack with a red glint in his maroon eyes. “I’m taking care of my omega mate now. If he decides he is well enough he will join you. Something that you should have considered asking before exposing him to the gruesome crime scene without the possibility of getting a bite to eat.”

They resumed their walk out of the dreaded crime scene towards Hannibal’s Bentley parked nearby. When they had left the dark, tiny alley, they step on the broad pavement. Hues of pink and blue appear in the sky, chasing the night away. The street lamps began to flicker. A new day dawned and the city came to life.

On the road next to the pavement, the first commuters rushed over the broad road occasionally. The traffic has increased in the last hour as the city of Baltimore slowly brushed away the dust of their eyes. Shop owners were been busy putting out their signs, opening the shutters or carrying boxes with foods into their shop or cafe.

Will’s chocolate brown, fluffy tail wagged again in anticipation as Hannibal acts so protectively. A purring noise came from his throat again. He rubbed his cheeks against

Hannibal's, making the alpha growl in delight. His white fluffy tail swished back and forth as well.

"Thank you, darlin'."

"Nothing to worry about, beloved ," Hannibal replies and revelled in how his mate imprinted his scent on him. He also noticed with pleasure that Will's scent had changed back from putrid pheromones to his usual, luring scent.

Will grew pensively. Tension left his shoulders. His posture slackened at the mere idea of beig imprisoned. "Yeah..if you hadn't pulled up, I would have probably killed Jack."

Something akin to pride flickered on Hannibal's face and in his eyes. When they had walked fifty to hundred metres down the broad pavement, they reached their destination. Hannibal clasped his gloved hands with Wills. He gazed at him and gave him another gentle kiss.

"It would have broken my heart if I had to visit you in Chilton's State Hospital for the Feral Hybrids."

Will let out a sad chuckle. "Yes..that would have kind of sucked."

"Luckily these are just fantasies that you do not have to worry about now," Hannibal assures hun. "I will defend your honour like an alpha would do."

Another blush graced Will's face. Hannibal chuckled when he saw it. He unlocked the car with a flick of his key and opened the door to the passenger's seat.

After judging the traffic, he walked around the car and opened the door to the driver's seat and settled down. Will's stomach roared again.

Aware of that, Hannibal immediately handed Will the reusable bag with the Tupperware when they both were comfortable in the leather seats.

"Will…please eat.""

The omega's blue eyes sparkled at the sight of Hannibal's top notch breakfast - steaming, mouthwatering scramble with home-made sausages, cheese stripes and two finely draped sandwiches with arugula, slices of bacon, cheese and mustard.

Will's eyes finally fell on the peanut butter cups. Of course Hannibal had made them himself. "Oh wow, you made me *peanut butter cups and snickers,* my favourite sweets."

A satisfied smile tugged on Hanniba's lips. "Analysing our waste bin the kitchen, I have come to the conclusion that you had taken a liking to Reese Peanut Butter Cups and Snickers recently, so I made my own version to make them a little healthier."

Will chuckled and blew him a kiss "I love you, Hanni."

Hannibal sifts a hand through Will's curls in a playful way. "I know. Now eat."

His mate emitted another pleased purr and began to shove the food into his mouth as if he hadn't eaten in months.

Hannibal adjusted the seat in his car and leaned back. It filled him with deepest satisfaction to provide for his omega and watch him eat his prepared meals. Will finished the scramble first before making short work of the sandwiches. "Hmmm," Will moans, sounding lewd and lustful as he devours the food. A little trade of mustard stayed stuck on the corners of his mouth.

Hannibal's breath hitched as Will produced these lustful, obscene noises. His cock stirred in his pants. The effect of Will's actions didn't get lost on Will, for her shifts his gaze back to Hannibal. He gulped down the last bit of food and raises his eyebrows.

"What is the matter? Is someone *horny* ?"

Hannibal purred at that. Heavy pheromones of musk fill the car. "For you? Always."

Will stored the empty boxes and wrappings of the peanut butter cups into the bag and flung it on the back seat. He leaned forward and pulled his alpha into a kiss. Both their tails wagged quickly in anticipation.

"I might let you bend me over the breeding bench during my heat."

Hannibal gave him a wolfish grin. "That is a motivation to get this case wrapped up, isn't it?"

Will winked at him and stole a kiss from the alpha's lips. After devouring the food, Will and Hannibal climbed into the back seats to have a short cuddle session for relaxation with Will resting on Hannibal's lap, pressing a heating pad to his abdomen and taking another painkiller. The case needed some more consulting. Hannibal kept stroking his face and purring to help him relax.

When Will's state improved and the cramps had subsided, he returned to the crime scene and finished analysing the tableau of the killer for Jack with Hannibal's support. With Hannibal's helpful background as doctor and surgeon, the forensic crew got inspired to look at a different angle. They called the crime scene cleaners to tidy up the crime scene and finally get the corpses down to properly analyse them in the lab.

"Well, let's head back to Quantico," Jack said airly. He avoided looking at Will but chose to direct his gaze at Hannibal. The sling and the bandage reminded Will of what he had done to him. "Thank you for your help, Dr. Lecter. Now we know who we should look for."

Will lowered his head. Guilt for acting feral still plagued him. He let go of Hannibal, approached Jack, who tensed up slightly and growled.

"Jack..I'm sorry for attacking you. You can suspend me if you like. I will also pay for the treatment.

Jack exhaled a breath and shook his head. "It was really scary, Will,but…I should have known better than to disturb you while you're in pre-heat. I won't do that again. Please

inform me next time and I'll call Dr. Lecter instead."

Hannibal straightened his body tofill height, pleased to hear that of Jack.

"Then there's that." He looked at his omega. "Will, do you want to go home and rest like I told you so ?I'll call Alana to cover for your classes."

The omega whines in satisfaction and buries his head into Hannibal's chest."Yes…I want to take off the next one and a half weeks."

Beverly granted them a smile as she passed them by. "Awww…you two are super cute." She stared at Hannibal again with a grateful look. "And thank you.The brain tumour and hallucination part is definitely helpful. We will head back to the headquarters in order to get permission to check on databases of hospitals of patients with a brain tumour."

Beverly hugged Will. "Thanks for your help, buddy, but bruh, don't scare us like that again. My ears were ringing. You were out of your mind, Graham."

Will smiled sheepishly and scratched his neck in embarrassment. "Yes. I know. That was totally unnecessary."

The omega waved at her, nodded to her colleagues, murmuring a short "Bye" and turned around with Hannibal to return to their limousine.

Later at home, Hannibal had gone to the office again to deal with his most annoying patient, Franklyn, Will carried the breeding bench that Hannibal had bought from the basement into the bed room, in case his heat would break out and Hannibal would like to fuck him that way. It was exhausting and he had to do several breaks, but he got it done.

After that, he made himself comfortable in their Nest with heating pads, squishy pillows of various sizes, Hannibal's shirts to have his scent with him. On the table was a large silver plate filled with some snacks - further peanut butter cups, fruits, cheese cubes and veggies. This is how he would spent the next few hours and days. Will purred and sank into the comfort of his created nest.

On the day when he felt the violent heat kick in, making him sweaty and feverish, Will forwarded a quick message to his alpha with a dozen spelling mistakes, but he didn't bother. As long as he was waiting, he tossed and turned in the bed, sweating and drenching the silken sheets. Writing in bed, Will fucked himself with his favorite glass dildo, impatiently waiting for the cock of his mate to fill him up.He came a few times, marking his Nest with his cum, but it wasn't enough.He needed his alpha's knot.

Hearing the click of a door being unlocked downstairs, Will sprung up in bed.He opened the door so that his alpha would smell him. Will approached the breeding bench and draped his nude upper body over it, while his ass was pushed up.His glass knot still buzzed in his ass, pounding against his prostate. Will bent his body over the breeding bench, spreading his legs.Gushes of slick poured down his thighs. The heady scent of Hannibal made him want to leap up and jump at his alpha, but he wanted to stay down there on the breeding bench which he had despised at the beginning.

This was a gift to Hannibal.

His body thrummed with excitement as the approaching footsteps announced the announcement of his mate. The door creaked slightly as Hannibal pushed it open in a careful way. He wanted ready for the ferocity of his feral omega attacking in heat. His mouth dropped when nothing like that happened. Instead he was enthralled. He took in the delicious sight of his nude omega, bent over the breeding bench, being the good boy he was. The heavenly scent of the gooey, silver-white slick and the sex pheromones made his eye color change from maroon to crimson-red.

“Alpha,” Will whined, wiggling his leaking ass to lure him closer. “I need your cock inside me.I want you to make me pups.”

A satisfied yet devilish smile crept on Hannibal’s face. His gleaming eyes shone with raw hunger.The alpha began to shed off his brown jacket, waistcoat and shirt, then unbuckled his belt. His tongue started out and licked his lips. “Oh yes, dear boy. I will fill you up with my semen and make you heavy with pups.”

Hannibal fucked Will several times on the breeding bench, fulfilling his promise. Will cried, came several times, yet kept asking for more until he fell of the bench in exhaustion. By the time the heat subsided, Will’s abdomen bloated from the amount of seed. As they rested from the intense heat and rut, Hannibal kissed his belly and hoped it would bring them the offspring they desired.

End Notes

Always carry a snickers or another chocolate bar with you when you're surrounded by Jack Crawford- like people and you're about to menstruate ;)

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